

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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## THE MUSICAL INSTITUTE OF LONDON.

The principal objects of the Musical Institute of London may be best disclosed by citing the opening paragraph of the official prospectus recently printed and circulated:—

"The Musical Institute of London is founded for the cultivation of the science and art of music, and the intercommunication of musical knowledge among professors and amateurs. Its operations will consist principally in the provision of a reading-room, the formation of a library of music and musical literature for the use of the members, the holding of *conversazioni* in conjunction with the performance of music, and the reading of papers on musical subjects, and the publication of transactions."

The constitution is explained in another paragraph:—

"The Institute consists of 40 Fellows, and an unlimited number of Associates and Honorary Associates. The government of the Institute is vested in the Fellows (who are elected, as vacancies occur, from among the Associates). In other respects, the Associates and Honorary Associates enjoy equal privileges with the Fellows."

It has long been a matter of complaint that professors and amateurs of music have been totally unprovided with an established medium of intercourse for the constant interchange of ideas and opinions connected with the history, philosophy, and practice of their art; in other words, that there has been nothing in the form of a musical club or institution wherein, speculation having no hand, the advantages to be derived are purely of a moral and social nature. Many causes have, until now, combined to render this impracticable. It is not that music was considered less worthy and admirable than its sister arts; on the contrary, the painters themselves have ever been among those who held it in the greatest esteem. But hitherto the peculiar education of our musicians has too invariably narrowed the mind to the contemplation of one particular thing, rejecting other attainments, useful or elegant, as superfluous. Hence a species of intellectual degradation, which drove out of the pale of refined society many whose genius, sensibility, and keen perception of beauty would have rendered them ornaments to the highest. It is only necessary to quote some illustrious exceptions as proofs that a natural and irresistible bias to the study and practice of music by no means unfits the individual for moving with credit and distinction in the most elevated spheres. A reference to the public and private career of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Dussek, and others is enough to show that no class has enjoyed more entirely than

musicians the favour and friendship, not only of nobles, but of princes. The moody Beethoven, in spite of his fierce republicanism, and avowed contempt for kings, was treated with marked consideration by the most distinguished personages. These, however, were not exclusively musicians. They were men to whom all knowledge was grateful,—men able to converse, if not profoundly, at least well enough for social purposes, on most branches of polite information. Such men have not sufficiently served as models. If to imitate their genius was impossible, to emulate their example, as members of society and the world, was easy and advisable. Greatly as they excelled in the art of their special predilection, they thought it indispensable to perfect themselves in other studies. Thus they were not only great artists, but accomplished and well-informed men. The want of general education among our musicians engendered, naturally enough, a want of *esprit de corps*,—since, where there is no moral tie, there can be no unity. Thus, professional intercourse was confined to coteries, whose prejudices and partial affections, making them intolerant of all that passed without the limits of their own immediate circle, laid them open to the just charge of *cliqueism*, that bane and drawback of their calling. Every clique, of course, had its hero, and the heroes of other cliques were treated with contempt. The consequence was inevitable; musicians had no respect for themselves as a general body, and therefore little right to feel surprised or indignant that other bodies, in whom unity was strength, should regard them with indifference, as something lower in the scale. It must be also borne in mind, as another cogent reason for the low esteem in which the profession was held, that, from the time of Purcell, and even antecedent to Purcell, the cultivation of the art gradually decreased to such a point that, at one period, there were very few composers in this country worthy of the name. A glee or a ballad was the quintessence of music; and things were boldly entitled "operas" scarce worthy the name of "plays, with songs." That the seeds of musical excellence had not, however, even then, wholly perished, time has since shown.

The reason why our native musicians have never enjoyed that position in society which has been so liberally accorded to painters, sculptors, architects, &c., is obvious, although endless sophistications have been put forth to render it obscure,—they have never aspired to it. Divided into two classes, composers and performers, the latter by far the most numerous, the intellectual qualifications and theoretical acquire-

ments demanded, create an enormous disparity between them; and yet they have been confounded together, under one common title, as though the composer of the *The Eroica*, a symphony, was no more than the performer of a first violin part in the score. But both are musicians, it is true; but in how widely different a sense! Only the greatest excellence has a right to claim the greatest honours, be that excellence the offspring of natural gifts or of unremitting study. The general cultivation of the mind may, nevertheless, raise the humblest to a position which professional capacity alone might never have helped him to attain; but possessing neither genius nor talent, cultured intellect nor polished manners, what more right has a musician than a carpenter to rail against society for not inviting him to cross the threshold? A man is not necessarily an artist because he practices music—a genius because he plays upon the fiddle, or gives lessons on the pianoforte to a boarding-school miss. The outcries against the exclusiveness of what is termed “society” are, therefore sheer cant. Aspire to society, and society will welcome you, if you are worthy; if unworthy, it is not the fault of society, but your own. Because some men are unfortunate, others improvident, and others ignorant and foolish, it does not prove that music is a mean pursuit, or that society has placed a ban upon its followers.

Happily, of late years, thanks to Lord Brougham, the schoolmaster has been abroad, and musicians, like the rest of the community, have begun to taste the sweets of general information. What has been the result? A gradual approach of “society” to the musical profession, a rapid improvement of musical taste in general, and the dawn of a better state of things. We need not enter into a history of the progress made during the last quarter of a century—the institution of the Philharmonic Society—the influence of Mozart and Beethoven, Rossini, Weber, and Auber, Spohr and Mendelssohn—the Royal Academy of Music, which, with all its shortcomings, has effected much good—the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Wednesday Concerts, to take the two extremes—Mr. Ella’s Musical Union and Mr. Dando’s quartet concerts at Crosby-hall—the great and important change in the style of chamber concerts effected by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, who has served as a model for M. Alexandre Billet in his appeal to the general public on the plea of cheap prices at St. Martin’s-hall—the Amateur Musical Society—Mr. Hullah himself, and his upper singing classes—the Royal Italian Opera and Mr. Costa, Jenny Lind’s sweet singing and sweeter charities, and last, though not least, M. Jullien, who makes crowds listen attentively to the symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, at promenade concerts, where the attractions of the music are so great that standing room, much more “promenading” room is denied to hundreds: these facts are all familiar, and it is enough to refer to them. It is gratifying, however, to know and to feel that in the same measure that the influence of music has obtained a greater hold on the public spirit the condition of its followers has improved. Now is the time for them to profit by occasion—now or never. Instead of grumbling at the hard treatment of society, let them combine and project means to engage its sympathies; instead of complaining that Government endows no national opera with an annual *subvention*, as in France and Belgium, let them associate and use their best exertions to found a national opera which may justify and call for such assistance; instead of wasting breath and energy in idle recriminations, let them be up and stirring. Time flies, and a musician may find himself old and inca-

pacitated before he has made up his mind whether to leave off moaning at the unwarranted neglect of society, or to strive and deserve its notice.

The mere existence of the Musical Institute of London is sufficient to prove that a fairer epoch has arisen for music and musicians. Thirty years ago it would have been impossible; it is now not only possible but easy of accomplishment. A glance at the list of the administrative council for the present year will show us some of our most eminent musicians, with amateurs who are noted not less for their real love and knowledge of the art than for their extreme liberality to its professors, associated for one common and praiseworthy object—“the cultivation of the science and art of music, and the intercommunication of musical knowledge among professors and amateurs.” For this purpose, rooms have been taken in a central quarter of the metropolis. A foreign correspondence is to be established. A reading-room and library, with all necessary appurtenances, will be opened, accessible every day in the week (except Sundays) to the members. Here professors and amateurs may meet and discuss matters from which both may derive interest and instruction. Papers on musical subjects may be read, new compositions tried, old and neglected works revived, and many other things undertaken, the accomplishment of which, directly or indirectly, must ultimately benefit the art and its adherents. A feature quite novel in the constitution of the institute is the admission of ladies as associates, on the advantages of which Mr. Hullah descanted with ardour and gallantry on Saturday night in the course of his address. Our space will not accommodate itself to the admission of the whole of this document, and we will not do Mr. Hullah the injustice of presenting it piecemeal. We are satisfied to proclaim it well adapted to the occasion, rich in illustrations, not more apt than entertaining, and remarkable for common sense and plain statements. That it met the entire approval of the members present was evinced in the manner of its reception; and that it may have helped, in some degree, to advance the objects of the institute, by augmenting the general desire to “promote the increase and diffusion of knowledge and skill in the science and art of music, and, as an inseparable consequence of such increase and of such diffusion, to dignify and to improve the character and status of its professors” (we quote Mr. Hullah’s words), is our hope and belief; if not, the members of the Musical Institute of London will have themselves alone to blame.

A list of the administrative council will show to what respectable and efficient hands the affairs have been intrusted during the first year of its existence:—Mr. Hullah, President; Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Lucas, and the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Vice-Presidents; Mr. G. A. Bezzi, Hon. Secretary; Mr. C. Beevor, hon. Librarian; Mr. Walter Broadwood, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. A. Nicholson. Mr. A. Pollock, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and the Rev. T. Helmore, Council; Sir W. M. T. Farquhar, Hon. Treasurer.

The musical profession has now what has so long been demanded, what every other body of the community enjoys, and the want of which has been stigmatized as a strange anomaly and a crying shame by the patrons, lovers, and practisers of the art. It remains to be seen if our musicians will profit by it; if jobbing and cliquery be utterly discarded from council and assembly; if, in short, the ends proposed in the prospectus, and discussed with such earnestness by Mr. Hullah in his address, be effectively carried out and uniformly maintained, without fear or favour. Thus only can general

esteem and permanent stability be secured for the Musical Institute of London; thus only can it hope to become an important and established fact.

### ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

(From the Times.)

The success of the Glee and Madrigal Union is a matter for congratulation, since it has been attained by legitimate means. The Glee is of purely English growth, and the madrigal as much English as Italian, the Elizabethan period, and that immediately following, having given birth to some of the noblest specimens. During the Commonwealth, when the art of music had ceased to be a general accomplishment, and gentlemen and ladies were no longer expected to sing "at sight," the cultivation of the madrigal fell into neglect, and from the time of Purcell was gradually abandoned. Its place may be said to have been afterwards occupied by the less learned and aspiring glee. Even this died a natural death when Sir Henry Bishop left off writing, the influence of foreign music, vocal and instrumental, having completely absorbed attention. Very recently, however, in the absence of attractive novelty elsewhere, glees and madrigals have started again into life, and a new mine of wealth has been opened to concert-givers. The members of the English Glee and Madrigal Union felt the pulse of the public, and found that it beat in unison with their own. The first season in London (last year) was thoroughly successful, while a tour in the provinces discovered a like sympathy with their efforts to revive a love for the old, and as yet, it must be owned, only true *school* of English music. The second season, now terminated, has surpassed expectation, and the English Glee and Madrigal Union may be fairly regarded as an established institution. This admitted, it remains to separate the wheat from the chaff, to preserve the good and reject the bad. No style of music presents such a quantity of worthless rubbish as the English glee (unless it be the English ballad); and it is to the unfair prominence which has been forced upon the worst specimens that its gradual decline must be attributed. There is enough, however, of pure and beautiful to render the *index expurgatorum* an easy task. The best glees and madrigals, those which are models, and have had a real and beneficial influence on the progress of the art, may be brought forward with advantage; while inferior and vulgar examples may be left to the convivialities of the tavern, to which, indeed, they were destined, and are exclusively suited.

The introduction of songs and duets into the programmes involves an unwise innovation upon the original plan of confining the selections to madrigals and glees, which can be rarely heard, while the former may be listened to at institutions and benefit concerts without limit. If the society would preserve its speciality, a return to the first scheme is indispensable; in default of this there is nothing to distinguish its performances from ordinary miscellaneous entertainments. It is worth a visit to Willis's Rooms, if only to hear Wilby's melodious, fanciful, and masterly five-part composition, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," written in 1609, and perhaps the finest madrigal extant. While all is so well executed, however, as to leave little room for animadversion, we should like to have, however, some more pieces of that calibre, in place of certain feeble glees, and pompous common-places, which we need not signalize by name. The "Cloud-capt towers" of Stevens, a dull and trivial setting of words, wholly unadapted to musical expression, unless in the form of declaimed recitative, may be

noted as an example. Such objections may, nevertheless, be waved in favour of performances distinguished by so much excellence, and are only suggested as hints for the future, of which the members may avail themselves, should they be so inclined.

In taking leave of the English Glee and Madrigal Union, with best wishes for its continued prosperity, it is well to urge that, for the future, novelty, not less than a wise selection from the ancient repertory, will be looked for in the construction of their programmes. It is unnecessary to point out the means by which this may be secured, nor is it likely that a society instituted upon such a basis will be backward in endeavours to enlist the talent of living native musicians in behalf of its project.

### THE CHURCH *versus* THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

The following singular correspondence has been forwarded to us for publication:—

*Copy of a Letter addressed by the Rev. D. F. Morgan, Incumbent of St. Mary's, to Mrs. Merridew.*

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, Leamington, Feb. 6, 1852.

MRS. MERRIDEW.—However painful and apparently hard to you, I think it highly desirable that your services as Organist to St. Mary's should not continue any longer. My own deep convictions have been strengthened by the opinions of friends whom I have consulted, not only here, but in London, of the extreme undesirableness of an Organist of a Church giving Public Concerts; with these convictions, I feel I have no alternative left but to inform you that your engagement as Organist of St. Mary's will terminate at the end of the Quarter March 31st, 1852.

I am,

Your Obedient Servant,  
D. F. MORGAN.

Mrs. Merridew.

*Copy of Mr. Merridew's reply thereto.*

53, RUSSELL TERRACE, LEAMINGTON, Feb. 9th, 1852.

SIR.—It becomes my painful duty to reply, (on behalf of Mrs. Merridew,) to your communication of the 6th inst.; the extreme harshness of the step you have taken, has so astonished both Mrs. Merridew and her friends, that we cannot contemplate such an act on the part of a Christian Minister, without a difficulty in realising its existence. Had she been the servant of an arbitrary master, and committed the most criminal act, a more peremptory discharge could not have been given. Without a previous word of complaint in reference to the objectionable course—without the opportunity of any justification of it, by her,—and without the chance of offering to abandon it, you have given her a formal discharge from a situation she has filled for *thirteen* years, and thereby deprived us of an annual income, which, with our young family, would have been a cruel punishment had she erred intentionally.

In giving Annual Concerts, Mrs. Merridew is only adopting the usage of her profession, and it is difficult for us to reconcile the idea, that this offence is of so serious a nature, as to entail the heavy penalty you have inflicted, with the fact that she receives the sanction and strenuous support of many Christian Ladies and Clergymen, in these (as she has considered them,) legitimate efforts to support her family.

Sir, I write to you with all respect; your years and profession command it from me; but having inflicted a serious and lasting injury on my wife and family, innocent as she is of any wrong intent, you must pardon me if I have used stronger language than you may think the circumstances justify. We feel it most acutely; the absence of all courtesy and *charity* in an act, emanating from a Christian Minister, is so astounding, not only to us, but to every lady and gentleman who has read your letter, that I cannot refrain from communicating, not only our, but their sentiments thereon.



As this sudden dismissal of Mrs. Merridew from a situation, which she has filled so many years must lead to considerable speculation as to the cause, and thereby possibly prove a further injury to her, I trust you will not object to the publication of your letter, should her friends consider it desirable.

I will only add that the notice you have given, is not what the law requires in a case of this kind.

And am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,  
NATHANIEL MERRIDEW.

Rev. D. F. Morgan,  
Lansdowne House:

The above speaks for itself. Next week, however, we may have a few words to say on the subject. At present we are pressed for space.

#### GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

For some weeks past bills, "thick as leaves in Valambrosa's vale," have been distributed in every part of London and the suburbs announcing a Grand Musical Festival at Exeter Hall on Ash Wednesday, with a list of the names of artists that might have stood competition with that exhibited on the occasion of one of the great Jullien's Monster Concerts. Conspicuous among the number was seen, picked out in red letters, the name of Sims Reeves; while, announced in the same colour and the same type, a "Full Orchestra" blazoned forth, and stared the spectator in the face. Who the projector of this entertainment was, seems to be a profound mystery. Mr. Albert Schloss was pointed out by some as the sole speculator of the scheme; and this, in fact, bore the aspect of likelihood, since Mr. Albert Schloss, on his own account, and, as it were, for his own benefit, solicited and obtained the gratuitous services of nearly all the artists who assisted, vocal and instrumental,—the Drury Lane section excepted. Others again suggested the utter impossibility of Mr. Albert Schloss possessing so much interest with Mr. Bunn as to be able to procure the services of the band, principal singers, and conductor of Drury Lane for his benefit, and, setting down Mr. Albert Schloss as a mere agent in the matter, referred the speculation to some more influential and powerful personage, who could run risks, and dine with Mr. Bunn in the family way. Others yet hinted that the Festival was got up by some very charitable person for some very charitable purpose, who wished his or her name to be unknown, and referred the donation of the surplus receipts to the Brompton Hospital—right wing wanted—to a new Bible Mission to the West of Ireland, or the establishment of a company for the enlargement of muffins and hot-cross buns—*bona fide*—no pun. For our own part we say nothing. If the concert were given by Mr. Albert Schloss, we are pleased to hear it, as it will render that gentleman richer by sundry hundred pounds—a consummation devoutly to be wished. If the concert was got up by some individual of weight and substance, we humbly imagine that Mr. Albert Schloss should have represented himself truly, and that all the artists should have been paid. If the Grand Musical Festival was given for the purpose of charity, it affords us untold delight to find so large a sum realized as there was on Wednesday. Never, perhaps, did so large an assembly besiege the inlets and avenues of Exeter Hall, except on certain celebrated occasions, when the religiously-inclined congregated to anathematise their fellow-men. To make use of a novel phrase, "hundreds were turned away from the doors," and ringing coin of the realm, stamped in little, was refused with wistful eyes by the money-takers.

The concert was of great length and some importance.

The programme was divided into three parts, the first part being principally devoted to selections from the sacred works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart. The officials had forgotten to distribute the usual printed programmes. But from this neglect, fortunately, there resulted two benefits. The first was, that the visitors, to their own special enlightenment, were compelled to purchase Books of the Words, price sixpence; the second, that, had they procured programmes, they would have assisted them in a very small degree, as they were at strife with the real performances. Even the books of words, as books of words sometimes are wont to err, did not sustain the reputation of correct indices, but wandered from order and particulars, and involved the turning over of leaves and much dissatisfaction among hard knots of the auditory.

The orchestra, not particularly powerful or effective, played, as the introduction to the sacred part, Haydn's symphony, No. 5, and was followed by Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Swift, Mr. Drayton, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Ransford, Miss Binckes, Miss Eyles, Miss Messent, and Miss Alleyne, in selections from the *Messiah*, *Creation*, &c., with a fair sprinkling of the profane. Mr. Sims Reeves was received with thunders of applause, and was encored in "In Native Worth." He also sang "Adelaida"—beautifully adapted to his voice—most delightfully, and was admirably accompanied by Mr. Frank Mori. Indeed, nothing could be better than the entire conducting of this gentleman, who presided over the orchestra during the first part, and accompanied the singers. Miss Arabella Goddard, who is becoming a greater favourite every day with the public, played with the orchestra, Beethoven's grand concerto in C, and, as far as she herself was concerned, played most admirably and with a great reach of power; but we could have desired for her a more efficient band, and, more equable toned piano, though certainly not a more accomplished conductor, Mr. Frank Mori having effected wonders with his materials. We fear, too, Beethoven's work was a flight beyond the mixed multitudes of Wednesday night.

The second part was entirely devoted to Mendelssohn. The band performed the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Miss Isaacs, Miss Ransford, and Miss Lascelles sang the trio, "Lift thine eyes," (*Elijah*), Miss Eyles, the song, "Oh! rest in the Lord," (*Elijah*), Mr. Swift, the air "Then shall the righteous," Mr. Sims Reeves, "Spring Song," and Miss Phillips, Miss Eyles, and Mr. Swift, the quartet, "O come every one!" Miss Kate Loder also played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brillante," in her own brilliant and engaging manner. But neither did Mendelssohn seem to please the mixed multitudes assembled at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening.

The third part was for the mob, mobby, although the overture to *Der Freischütz*, with which it opened, communicated to it a classic savor. Miss Eyles was encored in Loder's very charming and exhilarating ballad, "Come and buy each summer flower;" Mr. Sims Reeves vociferously ditto, in "The Death of Nelson," and eke Mdle. Evelina Garcia in "Rode's air and variations." Several other *morceaux* were given, of which we can but notice Osborne's duet for two pianofortes, splendidly and perfectly executed by Kate Loder and Arabella Goddard, which was received with a furor of applause, "The rest is silence."

EMILE PRUDENT. — We understand that this pianiste, favourably known by his compositions, and brilliant playing, is about to arrive in town for the season, and contemplates making London his permanent residence.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE. — FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHOIR.—The closing concert of this cheap and improving series of treats, for thousands, if not for "the million," was, perhaps, the most crowded of them all, being for the benefit of the praiseworthy and deserving choir. Every seat was occupied, and numbers had to stand who paid for seats, but all passed off well, and the first part, which was devoted to Scottish music, opened rather lugubriously, with an overture "On Scotch Airs," upon the organ, which, without any discredit to the talented organist and conductor, was anything but nice. Bishop's "Hail to the Chief," by the choir was rather more lively. Miss Shaw and Mrs. Thomas got some applause for their duet, "What's a' the Steer," and Mr. Perring, an encore for "The Lass o' Gowrie;" but the songs for the two ladies, and two harmonized airs by Bembridge, for the full choir, made the first part hang heavily. Delavanti enlivened it somewhat with his "Alister M'Alister," which he changed on the repeat to "Johnnie Cope," which he gives with such broad humour as to tell well at the Monday night concerts. "The Blue Bells of Scotland," another harmonized air, pleasingly arranged for the choir, finished the first part, and being encored, "Here in cool grot" was substituted, which the chorus singers seem to know by heart, and gave with great spirit. The second part contained some of the most favourite pieces for the full choir of the past season—repeated on this the closing night "by particular desire." Auber's "Hail, all hail to our patriot King," and Bishop's "Home, sweet Home," harmonized, being amongst the number; indeed, this being the choir's benefit, choruses were quite a leading feature, and a most successful one too. Their pianos and pianissimos, even, were given with the greatest delicacy. Tom Cooke's fine glee, "Strike the Lyre," was sung with all that light and shade—all the precision of four voices—by at least forty singers; yet, although by far their most perfect performance, it did not obtain the encore given to a harmonized but familiar Scotch tune! An encore was awarded to a trio of Bishop's too—by no means one of his best—called "Maiden Fair," chiefly owing to Delavanti's buffo bye-play. Perring had the same honour for Lover's "Angel's Whisper," when he gave another song accompanied by himself. Delavanti gave Hatton's song, à la John Parry, "Robinson Crusoe," with such comic effect, that he had to appear again and sing another. Again the concert closed with the national anthem, at about a quarter past ten o'clock. We cannot conclude our notice of these laudable entertainments, without noticing an unworthy attempt to do injury to the spirited proprietor, on the part of Mr. Perring, in announcing, as if in continuation of these "Concerts for the People," a series of them, to be given at the Corn Exchange. There could be no objection in the world to Mr. Perring embarking in such a speculation; but he should not do it under false colours, especially when he is indebted to Mr. Peacock for his introduction to Manchester. We have always spoken highly of Mr. Perring, as a singer, and shall be glad if he succeeds in his new and speculative undertaking, but do hope he will first put himself in a right position with Mr. Peacock and the public.—On Tuesday night, Mdlle. Caroline Beer took a benefit at the Free Trade Hall, which passed off well, we understand. Thursday, Seymour's third Quartet concert takes place, when a M.S. quartet, of Baetens is to be performed. We shall, if possible, attend and report thereon. The next (March 25th), will be his last for the season. Mr. J. T. Harris, Organist of St. John's Church, Broughton, and son of the organist at our cathedral, has announced a series of four classical chamber concerts, "à la Charles Hallé," himself on the pianoforte; Baxter, violin; Lidel, violoncello; to take place each alternate Thursday, beginning March 4th, at the Town Hall, Manchester.

ARDWICK GENTLEMEN'S GLEE CLUB.—The members of this spirited little club gave an extra concert on Wednesday evening last at the usual place of meeting, George and Dragon Inn, Ardwick Green. The occasion was for the purpose of hearing sung the whole of the compositions sent in for competition for the premium offered, some short time ago, for the best original cheerful glee. The result will be found duly announced in our advertising

columns of to-day, by which it will be perceived the highly talented, rising composer, Dr. Bextfield, is again the successful man. We have only just time to say the singing throughout the evening was excellent, and reflects the highest credit on Messrs. J. Edmondson, John Phillips, Walton, and Smith, the regular professional gentlemen of this club, who, with the clever pianist, Mr. Richard Seed, must have laboured very assiduously in the preparation of rehearsals necessarily required on occasions like the present. We were pleased to find the room so well filled by such a respectable array of musical amateurs; and the whole proceedings were conducted throughout with spirit, evidently much to the gratification of all present. A few of the choice glees, with the prize glee, are, we believe, again to be given at the usual meeting on Wednesday next, when we purpose attending, and will drop you a line for your next.

## Foreign.

Boston, Feb. 2, 1852.—On Thursday evening the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" gave their sixth concert. There being no other concert on the same evening, the hall was filled with an intelligent and appreciating audience. Jaell, the pianist, assisted—and the trio by him and the two Fries, was warmly applauded and encored.

The "Black Swan" has taken up her quarters at the "Revere House," and has already given a private rehearsal. It is reported that she can reach two notes lower than Maurri, and run up two higher than Jenny Lind. She is considered a musical curiosity, but not an artist—and the Germanians have refused to play for her at a public concert. Jenny is in the city, but is content to enjoy herself in a quiet and retired way. Report is busy in bringing her again before the public—but ten chances to one she knows nothing of the wishes of our busy bodies, and cares as little about the projects that originate in their brains.

Friday night, the Howard was crowded to suffocation by persons anxious to see and hear Madame Thillon. I called there and tarried for a short time, but found the place so densely packed that I could neither hear nor see to advantage. We have never been visited by a vocalist who came unheralded, and took our people so completely by storm. Her attractions are as fresh and bewitching now as they were the first week she was with us. The manager has been extremely fortunate in her engagement—with her he fills his purse with gold. She is a rare specimen of a good artist and a fascinating woman.

Saturday evening, the Germanians gave their thirteenth concert at the Melodeon, assisted by Mueller and Miss Philips. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was generous. The orchestra never did better:—Mueller acquitted himself handsomely—and Miss Philips was the bright star of the evening. Miss Philips omitted "Non piu mesta," and gave us "Qui la voce," in its stead. She has improved, but seemed rather fatigued, which may account for so important a change in the programme. The *Grand Polonaise de Concert* is a most elegant composition—and I doubt whether any other company of musicians can perform it as well as did the Germanians on Saturday evening. It is finely interspersed with solos, bringing into use and taxing the skill of nearly every member. The *Grand Fantasia* on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia*, was well given by Mueller, and loud applause followed. This concert, considered as a whole, is quite equal, if not superior, to any one given by this society.

St. Louis, Jan. 19th, 1852.—Madame Anna Bishop is now here giving concerts, and meets with great success.

She has given four, and the next is announced for Wednesday, and from all appearances she will have to stay some two weeks with us yet, as navigation is entirely closed.

W. V. Wallace, the eminent composer and performer, is soon to commence a concert tour through the South and West. He will be assisted by Miss Rosa Jacques, and Ellen Stoepele. The first is a vocalist of rare talent, and has received high praise from Jenny Lind, with whom she has often sung in Holland; and the latter, late pianist to the Empress of Austria and the Duchess of Sutherland, is said to be a most accomplished pianist.

Of Mr. Wallace I have nothing to say, for in almost every country he is so famous, that it would be deemed an insult to the intelligence of our readers to affect to introduce him. Hosts of friends throughout the South and West will welcome him and his talented assistants. His first concert will be given at Troy, February 17th.

Ole Bull is now in Washington, where he has gone to confer with the authorities as to a scheme of emigration to this country, by a colony of Norwegians.

Strakosch, the pianist, has married Signorina Patti, and it is said is soon to sail for California.

It is said that the Opera Company now at Niblo's, will not visit Boston, as previously announced.

Catherine Hayes is at Charleston.

Biseaccianti sails for California February 11th.

They are to have an Italian Opera at Lima. The agent of the theatre in Lima has been some time in New York, making arrangements for the coming season in Lima. He has already engaged Clotilde Barili, sister of Amalia Patti, and now Madame Thorne, besides Lorini and his wife, formerly Miss Virginia Whiting, and Avignone, the baritone. Lietti has been engaged as maestro and conductor.

#### BERNARD MOLIQUE.

(From *Ellis's Musical Journal*.)

This artist has been twenty-three years Director of the Royal Chapel, and violinist to the King of Wirtemberg, at Stuttgart. Alternately, with Lindpaintner, the operas and concerts at Stuttgart were conducted by Molique, and during his annual *congratulations* the latter occasionally visited the various capitals of Europe. In 1846 we met him in Vienna, and heard one of his Chamber Trios, performed at a reception of artists given by Beethoven's publisher—Haslinger. The political turbulence of Germany, so inimical to the peaceful sons of harmony, induced Molique to quit Stuttgart for London, three years ago; but since this eminent violinist and composer has taken up his residence in London, to use his own language, "a cordon seems to have been placed to exclude him from the Philharmonic Concerts, by the invisible agency of professional intrigue." If this be true, we can only express our regret that in this country of freedom, hospitality, and art-progress, a gentleman and scholar, so highly esteemed for his musical talents and private character as Bernard Molique, should meet with such neglect, and be treated with such disrespect by a society professing to represent the musical intellect of the English profession. "Patronage," says an eminent writer, "cannot permanently sustain a reputation for a man without merit; and genius, in this enlightened age, cannot fail to obtain its reward in spite of obstacles which first beset it on every side." The professional students, who flock to the residence of Molique to study harmony and composition, are beginning to reap the advantage of his valuable instruction. It is the ambition, however,

of every composer to have his works performed, and when we recollect the cheers that were wont to greet Molique's appearance a few years ago at the Philharmonic Concerts, and the applause bestowed on his beautiful orchestral effects in the scoring of his violin concertos, we are at a loss to conceive how any set of men can meet together and exhibit such an indifference to the feelings of so great an artist and worthy a man, as to exclude him and his orchestral compositions from the place where they have been most admired and justly appreciated. If we lived in the golden period of the great musical triumvirate—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—which continually produced novelties from their fertile geniuses, we could readily understand how little attention other composers would receive; but in the present dearth of classical orchestral works, the neglect of Molique by the Philharmonic Society is nought less than a melancholy example of professional jealousy.

Steadfastly pursuing the honourable path of a true artist, not deigning to prostitute his talents for mere lucre, Molique wins the respect and affection of a large circle of friends, and, as a proof of his talents being elsewhere appreciated, we have only to notice the fact of his having thrice played with Hallé, at Manchester, during the present season of classical concerts in that city of merchant princes.

#### THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE PUBLISHED WORKS BY BERNARD MOLIQUE.

- Op. 1. Concertino for Violin with Orch. Acc. E major.
- Op. 2. Duet for Flute and Violin. G minor.
- Op. 3. Three Duets for Two Violins.
- Op. 4. Concerto for Violin, with Orch. Acc. E major.
- Op. 5. Fantasia for Violin, on *Swiss Songs*, with Orch. G major.
- Op. 6. Rondo capriccioso, for Violin with Orch. A major.
- Op. 7. Introduction and Rondo for Violin with Orch. E major.
- Op. 8. Fantasia for Violin on *Massaniello*, with Orch. A major.
- Op. 9. Concerto for Violin with Orch. Acc. A major.
- Op. 10. Concerto for Violin with Orch. Acc. D minor.
- Op. 11. Variations and Rondo for Violin. Original Thema with Orch. Acc. A major.
- Op. 12. Six Songs with Pianoforte Acc.
- Op. 13. Fantasia for Violin, *Norma*, with Orch. Acc. E major.
- Op. 14. Concerto for Violin, with Orch. Acc. D major.
- Op. 15. Fantasia for Violin, *Austrian Songs*, with Orch. Acc. C major.
- Op. 16. Quartet, Two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello. G major.
- Op. 17. Quartet. C minor.
- Op. 18. Three Quartets. F major, A minor, E flat major.
- Op. 19. Fantasia for Violin, *Russian Airs*, with Orch. A major.
- Op. 20. Grand Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin. E minor.
- Op. 21. Concert for Violin with Orch. Acc. A minor.
- Op. 22. Mass for four voices with Orch. Acc. F minor.
- Op. 23. Six Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment.
- Op. 24. Grand Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin. A minor.
- Op. 25. Six Songs with Pianoforte Acc.
- Op. 26. Fantasia for Violin, *Hungarian Airs*, with Orch. A minor.
- Op. 27. Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. B flat major.
- Op. 28. Quartet for Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello. F minor.
- Op. 29. Six Songs with Pianoforte Acc.
- Op. 30. Concerto for Violin with Orch. Acc. E minor.
- Op. 31. Fantasia for Violin, *Syrian Airs*, with Orch. E major.
- Op. 32. Fantasia for Violin, *Swabian Airs*, with Orch. A major.
- Op. 33. Grand Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin. B minor.
- Op. 34. Six Songs with Pianoforte Acc.
- Op. 35. Quintet for Flute, Violin, Two Tenors, Violoncello, D major. (Unpublished.)
- Op. 36. Six Melodies for Violin and Pianoforte.
- Op. 37. Fantasia for Violin, *English Airs*, with Orch. E major. (Unpublished.)
- Op. 38. Six Songs in Pianoforte Acc.
- Op. 39. Six Sacred Songs with Pianoforte Acc.
- Op. 40. Introduction and Variation for Pianoforte and Violin. A major.
- Op. 41. Six pieces for Violin and Pianoforte.
- Op. 42. Quartet for two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello. B flat major. (Unpublished.)



## ITALIAN OPERAS ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

"Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* has been produced at Drury Lane theatre in an English dress. We are far from objecting to the performance of foreign operas on the English stage, for there is no doubt that the introduction, in this manner, of the great masterpieces of the continental schools to the acquaintance of our public, has had a great effect in improving the national taste. But no such effect can be produced by any attempt to naturalise such operas as those of Donizetti. Their music has not that character of intrinsic excellence which ought to make them serve as models for the British composer; and their principal beauty, the Italian flow and smoothness of the melody, is marred by forcing it into a union with the words of an uncongenial language. Italian melody derives its character from the inflexions and accents, the liquid consonants and vowel terminations of Italian speech; and a musical phrase is no longer the same, when it is broken up by our curt syllables and hard final letters. In order, too, to fit the Italian notes with English words, it is necessary for the most part to make the English words mere doggerel; and in the recitatives, where the words are the most distinctly heard, the effect is often (especially in tragic scenes) absolutely ludicrous. This particular opera, moreover—'*Lucia di Lammermoor*'—has disadvantages of its own. On the Italian stage, when it is finely sung and acted in its native language, everything is in keeping. Edgardo and Lucia are Italian personages, not Scottish, and scarcely bring to mind the originals of which they are the feeble copies. But how different when Lucy Ashton and Edgar Ravenswood are brought before us. We are then reminded of Walter Scott, only to be sickened by the pitiful way in which his exquisite tale is mangled."—The above is from the pen of the judicious critic of the *Daily News*, with every word of which we cordially agree.

## THE "SOCIÉTÉ DES CONCERTS" AT THE CONSERVATOIRE AT PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the latter part of last year's season, two Englishmen were at Paris. They were habitués of the Philharmonic of London, and had of course heard much of the Conservatoire; but they had also been told the latter had fallen off much since the Revolution, while, as they knew, the former had considerably improved. The difference between the orchestras, they had been informed, was not so great, and consequently there was not so anxious a desire to hear and see as there often is. Besides, it must be confessed there were most decided John Bull prejudices in both of them as to French matters. But there is something about a Beethoven Symphony no Philharmonic man can resist—an Alderman would as soon refuse turtle. Accordingly we entered one of the indescribable vehicles which, under an immense variety of the prettiest feminine appellations, do the duty of cabs, and proceeded to the Rue Poissonniere in search of tickets. We found immense difficulty in procuring them, but, on mentioning the Philharmonic, we were supplied with the only two billets left, with which we proceeded to our hotel, and in due time to the appointed place. We were ushered into a large hall, on each side of which were a range of plain columns; and on exhibiting our numbers were told on which side to enter. Half Paris seemed to be there, and every one seemed full of interest and anxiety. By and bye we were marshalled to our place by an old woman in a spotless white cap, who acted as box-keeper, and we found ourselves in the Salle des Concerts. This in truth is a theatre, and not a concert-room, in our sense of the word. It is of oblong form, but it has its tiers of

boxes, balcon, stalls, parterre, couloir, &c., like any other theatre. The place of the stage is occupied by some seats placed on the level, and then side benches, which run rapidly to the back. Its decorations are distemper and seem only temporary. In fact the arched ceiling appeared to be covered with nothing but common paper-hanging. The part occupied by the orchestra is painted as if ornamented with hangings, and inscribed with the names of the most celebrated composers, in which we gladly saw those of Handel and Bach. There was an evening dress. The French are always *bien ganté, bien chaussé*—but the ladies wore their bonnets, and white chokers were not visible.

There is a marked difference on the part of the auditory. Alas! that we should have to say it, but the finer part of the Philharmonic members seem as much interested in themselves as in the music—like the Roman ladies in the time of Horace in Juvenal. There is no rustling of silks—no light breathings, that amount almost to a titter, as young ladies enter. The mammas do not faint, nor the *chaperons* turn out a whole row, that their fair charges may take their seats, while the band are playing the "adagios" of the first movement. Nothing of this sort at Paris. No; they come for the music! and every one is seated quietly and silently in their places. In the meantime the band enter and take their seats. The first and second violins are disposed in front, on two sets of benches, facing each other. In the centre between them are benches for the chorus. Behind these, facing the audience and crossing the ends of the violin benches, are the tenors. From these the benches rise rapidly, and are filled on the right side, as you look at them by the violoncelli, each one attended by his contra basso, and on the other side are the wind instruments. All these benches, except the violins, face the audience. It will be understood that the wind band and the basses each form a mass, while the violins are divided. There was another marked difference in favour of the French arrangements. There was none of that fearful dissonance at tuning the instruments: no rasping of basses, howling of horns, squeaking of fiddles, and blowing of trombones, that form such an unpleasant overture to the programme, and dull the ear to the first chord of the symphony. Except a few slight touches, almost inaudible, to make sure all was right—not a sound was heard. The band consists of somewhat less than our numbers, and of about our own proportions, except that there are four bassoons instead of two.

In the meantime our neighbours had discovered that we were strangers, and pointed out to us, with the gentlest politeness, all the men of distinction—the principal being Auber, for whom there seems an esteem and respect we scarcely ever saw fall to the lot of any musical man. A short time elapsed and the conductor, Monsr. Girard, took his place, and was warmly received; and the band began the famous E flat of Mozart.

The first chords seemed hardly so full as at the Philharmonic, and the drum began with too much of a bang, as is the general custom in France; but the rich piano echo notes of the wind band compensated for this. The scale passages for the violins seemed much like our own; but those for the *tutti bassi*, both in the forte and piano parts, were much better; they were as clean as a run on a pianoforte. Still we would not allow of any superiority. The allegro began deliciously, the horns were so rich and so well in tune. Never mind; we are reforming our horns in London; they will be better next year, thought we. The *crescendo* was fine, taken with great judgment, and the burst into the forte splendid. Again, the excellence of the basses, their extraordinary clearness of execution and ensemble, attracted our notice. The wind instruments played perfectly in tune, and with much judgment. The whole movement was exquisitely rendered; but the true John Bulls could not, or would not, acknowledge so very much difference as yet. Our neighbours were delighted to see us so pleased. "Monsieur knows the score thoroughly I perceive." Of course we bowed and looked as wise as we could.

The *andante* began, the violins playing with marvellous delicacy. The basses gave the *valentando*,\* as they descend splendidly. It was like a gleam of sunshine. Still the playing of our two cla-

\* By the way, this is not marked in the Leipsic score of Meilkopf and Härtel.

rionets, Williams and Lazarus, is so exquisite, that we John Bulls again would not allow, as yet, any great superiority. It was the same with the *minuetto*—the trio is always done so splendidly by our clarionets—first with such richness, and the repeat such a wonderful piano, that though the horns reminded us we were not at Hanover Square, the difference still was not so great. At last began the *finale*. The violins led off the rapid passages like one single instrument, giving as much light and shade in the forte passages, as delicacy in the pianos. Instead of unmeaning division, the air in the forte came out with all the energy and beauty of Mozart, but when the second piano part came, with the imitation and answer from instrument to instrument, my friend leaned over to me, and whispered in the interval of the pause—"Ah! old fellow, we have nothing like this at the Philharmonic; in fact, we have not got a piano there." Alas! it is too true. We felt in the presence of artists of superior training and of superior intelligence; and when the symphony ended, we both sighed—"Well, this is the first time we ever heard the 'Swan' symphony done perfectly."

But we were not destined to one surprise only. The chorus entered. It did not appear so numerous as our own. The band struck a single chord; and they began, without accompaniment or forte strains, a very original motett of Leising's,—"O Filii." The voices went together as perfectly as the "Dom-Chor" of Berlin, but not so "aigu" in tone. The strains are simple and mournful, and are echoed by the same chorus (always without accompaniment) *pianissimo*. Such an echo we never heard. It was as perfect as if the mocking nymph herself had repeated it from the side of a woodland hill. All we could hear of the author was, that he was a German of little fame. The composition itself had not much to recommend it except originality; but it was most effective as a *tour de force* for a chorus, and it was most rapturously encored.

As if to give us the greatest possible contrast, the next piece was the andante in G, and presto movement in D, from Haydn's Quartett, No. 5, performed by the whole stringed band; and it was executed as we never heard anything done before. The andante was like the performance of two finished players of the deepest feeling. The violoncelli were surpassingly excellent. The presto was given with the most sparkling effect—the rapid divisions as clear as a Genevian box. Something of the kind has been attempted in England, but without success: you perceive a want of unity. There are continued trips and stumbles; and instead of fancying it a quartett performed by four instruments of immense power and sweetness, at once recognise it as orchestral.

As if to carry the system of contrasts to its uttermost, the next piece was the 18th Psalm of Benedetto Marcello—"I cieli immensi narramo." (We call it the 19th.) The only works of this pure and simple writer commonly known in England, are the 8th Psalm and the 41st (42nd in our version)—"As the hart panteth," and "O Lord our Governor." The 18th is very superior to these. It begins with a fire and energy unusual to this writer, and reminds one of some of the spirited movements in Haydn's masses. It is but repetition to say that the chorus was superb. One thing, however, puzzled us both amazingly. There was an accompaniment for full orchestra, written so exactly in the spirit of the time, that we began to doubt whether our recollection of the old Venetian had not failed us, and that, instead of the simple basses, with a figured part for harpsichord, or organ, he might not have scored this composition. On inquiry, however, we found it had been scored in modern times, and certainly most cleverly. Instead of giving the trumpets mere holding notes, they took a prominent part, while the oboes, &c., moved with the voices, as they do in most of Handel's choruses. Better musicians than ourselves might have been mistaken without any great shame.

This simple psalm preceded the mighty Symphony of Beethoven in C minor—certainly the most inspired work of the kind ever produced. There was a pause, during which every person seemed to be concentrating his attention; the same quiet examination of instruments went on—a careful look from the conductor was cast round—and amid breathless silence the great symphony began. It is hardly possible, and besides it would weary our readers to dwell upon all the points of this

noble composition. The very first four notes were given with a force and precision we never heard before. The fortes and pianos again attracted our admiration at their exquisite light and shade. The little bit of solo for the horn rang out as clear as a bell, and as round as a diapason. The long notes, which alternate as echoes between the stringed and wood band, were perfectly smooth and in tune, a thing we hardly ever hear in England; the basses were as clear as the violins themselves, and altogether the symphony seemed to develop fresh beauties at every bar. The same remarks will apply to the andante, particularly where, for the sixteen bars preceding the fortissimo reprise of the subject, the flute, oboe, and the two clarionets have the field to themselves, and their notes seem to twine round each other in the most graceful melody; their tones were perfectly silvery. The *scherzo*, however, deserves a few words of notice. It was taken much slower than in England, and the *rallentando* more *cantabile*, and very judiciously so; for as the time is accelerated at the *fugato*, it gives the instruments an opportunity to execute their notes accurately. The basses gave the subject as clearly as the notes of an organ, instead of the puff-a-puff-a with which we are usually treated. We cannot understand the reason of hurrying over this movement; it is not marked so either in the German or French scores, and its effect is marvelously enhanced by steady treatment. The oboes and horn again excited our admiration, but the treat was to come; the pianissimo was perfect—the orchestra seemed asleep except the dull beat of the drum; the *crescendo* was regular and gradual, not as ours, getting into a *fortissimo* long before its time, and trusting to the blare of the trombones for a burst, but increasing only to the forte, and then bursting with *fortissimo* on the first chord of that wondrous triumphal march; and here appeared the vast superiority of the brass band, as our old friend, Tom Ingoldsby, says,

"The sweet trombones with their silver sounds,"

and silver it was, each playing *with* the band, and not endeavouring to drown everybody else; blowing, as a facetious friend of ours says, enough to carry off one's "whiskers." We will not attempt to describe that march; let the reader remember what we have said, and then let him fancy what the different points must have been, with such horns, bassoons, and oboes as these. The close was followed by a short pause; every one seemed to draw a long breath, and then followed such a burst of applause as we hardly ever have heard. No soul attempted to move till all was over. There was no fidgetting for hats, turning boas round necks. No; it was clear the audience were as refined in appreciation as the band in execution. We parted with the heartiest shake of hands from our neighbours, who seemed positively charmed to see how we enjoyed the music. "Vive la Société des Concerts," said we, as we resumed our hats, and made our last bows to our polite friends.

To compare the two orchestras let us begin at the bottom of the score. Their contrabassi are as superior to ours as Bottesini is to all other players—they *really* play, and don't make a fuzzy sort of sound. The cello shew hardly so much difference, the four bassoons add much to their richness. Our tenors I think quite as good, thanks to that consummate musician and artist, Harry Hill. Our violins have more power in the fortissimo parts; like all the rest of the band in the piano parts, and in *tout ensemble*, they are very inferior. Their solo bassoon is richer than ours in tune, though not superior in execution. Our bassoons use too weak a reed. Of the clarinets we have already spoken. Their oboes and horns are vastly superior. Our oboes never seem in tune, and our horns never seem to know their parts: how awfully they stumble about in the trio in the *Eroica*. Their flutes are not better than Ribas. Their trumpets are certainly not better than ours; while their trombones are as superior to our ear-splitting Bartlemy-Fair bulls of Bashan as can be conceived. We have nothing like the pure tone of this wood-band—it is like the chords of the swell of an organ—nor have we anything like the rich tones of their brass band: theirs is music, ours is blare. Our tympanist stands alone—none in the Conservatoire can rival Chipp. Whence, then, comes the difference? It is discipline—obedience—no one thinks of himself; nor plays for himself; every one is subser-



vient to the whole. This is only to be got by repeated rehearsal; this is what the Philharmonic wants; and this it must have, or it will soon feel some rival at its heels. Much is yet to be done for the cause of music in this country. Let us hope to see it shortly carried out, and that you, sir, will, as you have done, continue to do your best to effect it.

### Original Correspondence.

W. E. JARRETT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Cheltenham, Feb. 24th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—In your last number, on giving a review of a work composed by W. E. Jarrett, you have, in my opinion, unwittingly paid that gentleman a very deserved compliment. We are told "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." In this instance, you admit that Mr. Jarrett is acknowledged to be "a good musician, and a graceful composer, by those of his own immediate circle." This, I am assured, is quite true; and I can (as publisher of many of his works) state that they have been sought for and approved by very many and distant admirers, who have never known Mr. Jarrett except by name. I have the pleasure to add, that I have known Mr. W. E. Jarrett from his infancy, and can testify that he is a most excellent and worthy young man, and deserving every encouragement. Whether we speak of him as a musician, a son, a husband, a father, or as a friend, he is alike entitled to every one's esteem. Why you should have, in more instances than one, coupled him with a Mr. M. Talezzy, with "European reputation," I know not; but it is an unfortunate and foolish idea in England, that no music can be good except the composer has a Y or an I at the end of his name. Yet I think the productions of the one will live long after those of the other are gone to the "Capulets."

I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

CHARLES HALE.

### HENRI HERZ.—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "La France Musicale," by W. Grilliers.)

Continued from page 86.

#### A FEW MORE DETAILS RELATIVE TO NEW YORK.

All French writers, without an exception, have, in speaking of New York, unanimously represented the empire city as exclusively devoted to the adoration of the golden calf. Against such an unanimity of opinions I should feel reluctant to disagree. I will not positively affirm that *belles lettres* and the arts are honoured and cultivated with the same taste and arduous perseverance as in Paris, but I have been convinced by innumerable and irrefragable proofs that the judgments of tourists, our countrymen, relative to the customs and manners of America, are all impressed with an extreme quantum of exaggeration. No one will doubt but what the field of speculation is the battle-field of the habitant of New York, as of all the North Americans; but one must also believe that after the terrible and artful onsets of the Stock Exchange, there is a return to repose or amusement, to reading or writing, the theatre or the concert, according to the disposition. The American in whom the sight of bank notes will create a thrill of joy, is not devoid of nobler feelings; he can also appreciate, and is influenced by the talent of any gifted artist. It must not be forgotten that America has produced a Cooper, a Washington Irving, and the historian Prescott, three authors who can lay claim to no unenviable literary reputation, and who have received the suffrages of the nineteenth century. Further to advance a circumstance which must prove the enlightenment of the habitants of the United States, I may add that there are two thousand four hundred newspapers circulated amongst them,

and some of their journals may lay claim to an editorship no less powerful and acute than those of the great European capitals.

There are several journals published in New York specially devoted to the record of all relating and interesting to artists; there are also a few illustrated periodicals. The publication which can most interest the musician is called *Saroni's Musical Times*, it being a journal exclusively devoted to music and musicians. Mr. Saroni, who is both the proprietor and the principal editor, has with frank and undisguised egotism invested the paper with his name. It is both a legitimate and unblameable self-love which, though it may be condemned by the immaculate puritans of the French press, pleases the Americans, in whom the habitual frankness is never altered by that false modesty so common amongst us. I do not in the least hesitate to say that *Saroni's Musical Times* may be chosen as a model of learned, agreeable, and polite criticism. It is published weekly, and contains four times the quantity of news of the largest of our musical papers. Its readers are not only enlightened as to the most interesting musical topics of America, they are also informed of all that passes on the other side of the Atlantic which might prove of interest to the musician; it records with the utmost care the slightest progress of the musical art in the smallest as well as the largest country of the civilized world. In addition it possesses an advantage over the musical newspapers of France, Italy, and Germany, viz., that it joins to its typographical matter several pages of musical text of which the choice is invariably excellent. Both are printed on a single sheet, but so arranged that the music may be separated from the text, and a collection of it made apart from the journal. This kind of publication, at the same time cheap and ingenious, permits Mr. Saroni to present his subscribers with a vast quantity of music, and as he is a most able connoisseur he joins to the works of the most esteemed national American composers, fragments from the masterpieces of the German, Italian, and French schools.

On seeing this happy combination carried on with so much facility, I have often queried of myself as to why the typographical art as applied to music should have made so little progress in France. In New York the expense of printing a page of music with type, and an ordinary page of reading is about equal, whereas in France it is ten times more; in this respect the superiority of the American press cannot be contested. I should fail to render Mr. Saroni justice if I did not mention that he unites to the qualities of a journalist the double talent of pianist and composer. In the concerts I gave in New York with Sivori, Mr. Saroni seconded us with the utmost kindness and great success; occasionally he accompanied Sivori, and occasionally played duets with myself, and I have often remarked that his name on our concert bill gave an increased attraction to the public.

The new series of concerts that I gave in New York with Sivori, afforded me as much satisfaction as the first. The kindness with which I had been surrounded in my previous visit, did not cease on this one; curiosity moreover did not appear to have in the least abated, although I had appeared in public a greater number of times than any artist who had previously visited the empire city. As I was seconded by the talent of Sivori there was an increased curiosity aroused, and our success went far beyond our most sanguine expectations. My account of New York (which I have presented under its most favourable light), must not close till I relate an incident which happened to Sivori, and which he with great justness bitterly complained of. The celebrated violinist had for greater safety deposited at a banker's all the money he had gained. One fine morning he is told that the banker has failed, and that his deposit is entirely lost. My poor companion was perfectly astounded, and great was his grief at the sudden calamity which had overtaken him. But a short time afterwards the banker passed before Sivori, with pride and joy blazing forth from every feature; no one could have supposed that this man of joyful appearance had the smallest act of whatsoever might be regarded as equivocal or dishonest to reproach himself with. Sivori was not only obliged to submit to the loss of his money, but was also compelled to become accustomed to this commercial mystification, which I am sorry to say is of frequent occurrence in America. With us a commercial bankruptcy is a stain that is

with great difficulty effaced. In the United States there is no rigorous sentence for him who fails, but a triumph for him who succeeds, no matter the means he may employ. This has been noticed by a writer who has lately published some curious letters relating to the United States. "In America," says he, "a bankruptcy is spoken of as of a very common occurrence, occasionally as of a clever and happy invention. They will show you a magnificent building and say, the man who inhabits that palace and who can cover the valuable ground it is built on with bank notes, who to furnish his habitation in the most luxurious style had the richest and most expensive draperies, the most elegant and fashionable furniture, had these all sent from Paris, that man has been a bankrupt three times;" and in a tone of admiration they will add, "he is a clever fellow, he with wonderful ability overcame his difficulties, and now he has his hands full of money. What his creditors think when measuring the height and magnificence of his palace, I will not attempt to conjecture; perhaps they also recognise his ability, and blame themselves for not having profited by his example."

To the honour of musical art in America, I will add that the music publishers, with the exception of their reprinting, are far more scrupulous. I could not cite a publisher who has been the cause of any loss to an artist, or taken advantage of the inexperience of a composer.

If New York is the voluntary Botany Bay of the adventurers and vagabonds of Europe, it is also with greater truth the Eldorado of artists who unite to an honourable reputation an acknowledged superior talent.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

It was with the utmost regret I saw myself compelled to say adieu to New York. The second series of my concerts with Sivioli over, nothing could retain me in the American capital. And so by railway I departed for Philadelphia, which is after New York the city wherein artists will meet with the greatest and most durable success. Philadelphia contains spacious and elegant concert-rooms, and if necessary an orchestra more than sufficient. It is moreover a poetical city, for trees are planted in almost all the principal neighbourhoods, and all its principal streets have been invested with pastoral and mythological names. It is a complete dictionary of botany, a collection of the ideal appellations of mythology, and of the nymphs of the garden. Two rivers facilitate to a great extent the development of its industry and commerce, the Schuylkill and the Delaware are by a very short distance joined to the ocean. Its streets are wide and long, a perpetual movement of elegant chariots combines with the heavy rumbling of commercial waggons, the rapid step of the men of business, and ladies richly attired, is the picture, or perhaps better, the Panorama of Philadelphia. Under the second English Charles, an Englishman of the sect of Quakers obtained the concession of the district, which at that time was entirely covered with forests, and was named Sylvania. Penn added his name to it, and Sylvania became Pennsylvania; he founded Philadelphia, and impressed it with its austere appearance, and to this day in a moral point of view it is called the Quakers' city. The general physiognomy of this vast city is above all graceful and pleasing; its preoccupations are not felt to the same degree as in New York or Boston. Its habitants in general partake of a taste for literature and the arts. It possesses a philosophical academy, a fine antiquarian museum, a library containing fifty thousand volumes, furnishing them with matter of serious and various study. It is by no means rare to see persons who after having devoted themselves for many years to the hazards of speculation, and having realised sufficient wealth, totally abandon business and pass the time in gaining instruction, and in the society of artists who occasionally visit them. What invests Philadelphia with a peculiar charm is the beauty and cheerful appearance of its female inhabitants. A few days after my arrival, I was invited to the house of a very rich personage, who had invited numbers of people, to allow me the opportunity of gaining numerous acquaintance. On my entrance I was dazzled when my eyes fell on the large circle of beauty with which I was surrounded.

Forms of the greatest elegance, and features of the most intellectual beauty, combined to exalt the imagination, create emotions in the heart, and captivate the regard: a bouquet of animated flowers, by whose intoxicating perfume I was seized. I had never imagined so much beauty in one spot.

#### MY IDENTITY QUESTIONED.

In this brilliant reunion I remember meeting with a very extraordinary and singular personage. A short time after I had been announced, an old gentleman of about sixty years of age advanced towards me, and examined me from head to foot with the most scrupulous exactitude. This scrutiny, however, could not be called impolite. After having turned round me at least ten times, he decided upon speaking to me; and here are his words, which I reproduce textually.

"Sir, I have regarded you for some time, and, if I dared, I would tell you, you are not the true Henri Herz." This observation, as sudden as unexpected, at first caused me to smile. I did not answer immediately, for I was too much astonished; my silence only seemed to increase the doubt of this incredulous physiognomist. I had no paper upon me which could establish my identity. What could I do? Play the piano: this perhaps might prove convincing; but, could the argument be without answer? By a fortunate hazard my accuser happened to be an excellent musician. By the request of the hostess I sat down to the piano and began my fantasia on "*The Violette*." I had hardly finished the first variation before the incredulous old gentleman cried out, "Oh! it is him—it is Henri Herz." He immediately rose and came towards me, pressed my hand, and respectfully excused himself before the company. One night, he was at a loss to understand that such an incident could have taken place in such a reunion, when I added that North America is the refuge of numberless adventurers, who, on placing their feet upon this land of liberty, without the least scruple, change their name to one that might bear with it a recommendation, and usurp the honour of its celebrity, while they might, perchance, not be able to breathe the air in the streets of our large cities, without danger.

#### Dramatic.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday night the benefit for the survivors from the burning of the Amazon took place, when, although the Queen was expected to attend, and an excellent bill of fare provided, the theatre was not more than half filled. Never was there a more decided failure, charitably speaking. In addition to nobody coming every thing went wrong. The Queen did not come, and Mr. Anderson fell from his horse on Saturday, so the stage box was empty, and there was a change in the first piece. A miscellaneous concert followed, which was only remarkable for Arabella Goddard's brilliant performance on the pianoforte, and the evening concluded with a farce, at which nobody laughed. So much for the Amazon Concert at Drury Lane.

A benevolent and beautiful fay, [who dwells in a big star, and comes down to a village on the Rhine for the purpose of imbuing a German burgomaster with a taste for dancing, and compelling him to abolish a stringent law against the practice of that art, is the heroine of a ballet, or rather a *divertissement*, produced on Tuesday night. The plot is not very intricate; the burgomaster is made to dance himself, and takes down his prohibitory placard, and the fay, her mission accomplished, goes up to the star again, possibly with the intention of visiting Connecticut, where Terpsichore is lightly esteemed. We have seen something like this story in one of the scenes of *Alma* (Cerito's great ballet); but what of that? Mademoiselle Plunkett displays a world of

vigour and agility in front of a very pretty Rhenish view, and the whole piece is too light and graceful to be tedious. The success of the *Star of the Rhine* is unequivocal.

**PRINCESS'S**—*Les Frères Corses*, a French drama of very singular plot and construction, brought out at Paris, in the course of 1850, was produced on Tuesday night, in an English form, at the Princess's Theatre, with the greatest success. Its Gallic origin is acknowledged in the bills, and the title is simply Anglicized into the *Corsican Brothers*.

The foundation of this remarkable piece is an admission of that sort of preternatural appearance to which the Scots give the name of "Wraith," and the moral atmosphere in which the personages move is pervaded by that idea of hereditary vengeance which is always associated with Corsica. Fabian and Louis dei Franchi are twin brothers, one of whom remains at home in his native Corsican village, while the other pursues his duties in Paris. The first act shows us Fabian in his own chateau, uneasy about the fate of his brother; for, not only are they devotedly attached to each other, but there is such a mysterious sympathy between them that a misfortune cannot affect either without instantly awakening a pain in his brother's heart, however widely they may be separated. The acute sensation in Fabian's bosom is soon followed by the apparition of his brother, who rises from the floor with a mark of blood on his shirt; while the scene, opening at the back, exhibits the wood of Fontainebleau, with a group, setting forth the fatal issue of a duel. The second act explains the first, with which, by an extraordinary boldness of construction, it is supposed to be simultaneous. Louis dei Franchi is shown at Paris, amid the gaieties of a carnival ball, devoted to the task of saving from infamy a lady to whom he was once attached, but who is now married to an absent husband. His interference in her behalf involves him in a quarrel with M. de Chateau-Renaud, a heartless *roué*, and he is killed in a duel in the wood of Fontainebleau. At the moment of his death the wood opens, and the Corsican residence is shown, with the brother watching the scene of horror, so that the vision of the first act is the actuality of the second, and *vice versa*. The wood is again exhibited in the third act. M. de Chateau-Renaud, with a friend, is escaping from Paris to avoid the consequences of the duel, but is stopped by Fabian, who, informed of the event by his extraordinary sympathy, has hastened to France and tracked his brother's murderer. A fine sword combat ensues, in the course of which the Frenchman's sword is broken, when the Corsican, to accommodate himself to circumstances, breaks his own sword likewise, and the fight is kept up with the points only, secured to the hands by means of a twisted handkerchief. At last the Frenchman falls, and the spectre of the deceased brother rises, as a sign that his claims to vengeance are satisfied.

The story of this piece may seem very slight, and, were it less perfectly treated, the whole affair would be but meagre. But so admirably is it acted, and with such a fine feeling for the supernaturally terrific are the curious effects brought about, that the most intense interest is excited. To keep up the notion of strong sympathy between the brothers, the yare both played by the same actor—Mr. Charles Kean, who is equally striking as the frank, honest, country gentleman, and the terrible instrument of vengeance. When he appears to the Frenchman in the third act, he has all the awful calmness of an impersonated destiny. Mr. Wigan is the accomplished Parisian *roué*, fearless and unscrupulous

at first, but working in the sense of impending danger with excellent skill as the hour of retribution approaches. As for the supernatural effects, they are masterpieces of scenic art. The ghost rises, not an ordinary, vulgar ghost, straight out of a trap, but advances as it rises—a truly spiritual presence. The visionary *tableaux* look like visions, and the audience are kept in a state of pleasing trepidation between the real and shadowy, and on the descent of the curtain give a gasp at finding themselves fairly out of a supernatural atmosphere and in the substantial region of Oxford-street. It should be observed, however, that they are allowed a short pause in the course of their pleasing horror by a splendid representation of a masked ball at the Parisian Opera-house, with all its mad excitement.

At the conclusion Mr. Kean was called amid enthusiastic applause, and was followed by Mr. Wigan.

**FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—The appearance of Mademoiselle Déjazet on Monday last, in "*Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*," drew a full house. This piece, known to the English public under the title of *Foreign Affairs*, and played at the Haymarket some seven or eight years ago, when Madame Celeste was the heroine, has peculiar intrinsic value in itself, being essentially neat in its construction, interesting as regards the plot, and not devoid of merit either as to the dialogue or development of the principal characters. For this reason we prefer it to such pieces as the *Marquis de Lauzun*, which is entirely dependent on the merits of some particular actor, whose eternal presence, however great his talent, becomes at last oppressive and wearisome. This part of the boy husband, the rake *en herbe*, is decidedly one of the best in Mademoiselle Déjazet's repertoire. Her conception of the character from the first moment of her appearance on the stage, the curiosity of the child, his attempts to burst through the restraints imposed upon him, his pretended amours and real duel, his ultimate triumph over all his opponents, all those little shades which concur to complete a character and develop the author's creation, were admirably portrayed. We have but to repeat, that we can discover no signs of decay in this wonderful woman; there is the same vivacity, the same flippancy, the same *rouerie*, the same amount of malice, not malice, in her acting, for which she has been ever distinguished, and in which she has no rival. The cool impudence of the young dare-devil is beyond all comparison, and, in the great scene of the second act, when the Duke proves the presence of two mistresses and provokes two duels, we witnessed a most consummate bit of acting, in which Mdlle. Déjazet came out in all her glory. The small part of Mademoiselle Nocé was charmingly played by Mdlle. Olympe, and Mdlle. Avenel did ample justice to that of La Baronne de Belle-Chasse. Of M. Lafont, we cannot speak in terms of adequate praise. His acceptance of the part proves his willingness to oblige; while, at the same time, his admirable reading of the character, his quiet self-possession, his gentlemanly bearing, and exquisite tact, proved that age has not robbed him of any one of those requisites which constitute the talent of the true comedian. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the day must come when we shall lose this exquisite actor, and advise all who know how to appreciate a finished and conscientious *artiste*, to profit by the model of good acting while they may. J. de C.

**THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.**—A second series of evening concerts, by this admirable party, are announced to take place at Willis's Rooms, on March 1, 8, 15, and 22.



## M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES.

The second performance took place on Tuesday, and was even better attended than the first. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.		
Sonata, E major, Op. 6 . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
{ Prelude and Fugue, in F . . . . .	Bach.	
{ Prelude and Fugue, in A flat . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Didone Abandonata, Scena Tragica, Sonata, G minor, Op. 50, No. 3 (Dedicated to Cherubini) . . . . .	Clementi.	
PART SECOND.		
Ne plus Ultra, Grand Sonata, in which is introduced the favourite air "Life let us cheerish," with variations . . . . .	Woelfl.	
Andante con Variazioni, in E flat, Op. 32 (Posth. Works No. 10.) . . . . .	Mendelssohn.	
Scherzo, in C sharp minor, Op. 31, Allegro vivace . . . . .	Thalberg.	

M. Billet was loudly encored in the variation in octaves in Woelfl's sonata. Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in A flat, and Clementi's tragic scena, excited a very great sensation. Altogether the second concert was alike highly interesting and satisfactory.

## Reviews of Music.

"THE MAIDEN'S WISH—OH! WOULD I WERE A FAIRY"—New Cavatina—Poetry by Richard Greville Pigott, Esq., author of *Songs of the Army*—Music composed by Alexander Lee.—Z. I. Purday.

"The Maiden's Wish" is quite an original one. Instead of desiring to be simply loveable and wedable in the eyes of her sweetheart, and looking forward to St. George's church, and Duke of Wellington as sponsor—the *Ultima Thule* of the desires of modern young ladies—our maiden, with peculiar disinterestedness, though not perhaps with a keen insight into her lover's inclinations, longs to be a fairy, that "Mid ethereal realms of bliss," she may "creep to his bosom," or, "softly sue a kiss 'mid the grottoes of the deep." Poor maiden! we fear her wish, if realised, would bring but disappointment and vexation—to both. Lovers now a-days prefer the substantialities of body to the tennities of etherialism. They incline more to—

— the ripe and real

Than all the nonsense of the false ideal."

And the most delicate of modern sweethearts does not admire his mistress a whit the less because she exhibits a disposition to plumpness and rotundity. In wishing to be a fairy, therefore, we think, the maiden showed neither disinterestedness, nor policy; and that, had she consulted her lover's wishes, and her own prospects, her aspirations would have partaken of a more substantial form. Nevertheless, if we could abstract our thoughts from stern, uncompromising humanity, the "Maiden's Wish" is poetical, though not perfectly original, and might suit the youthful dreamer in the nonage of his Cupidity.

The music of Alexander Lee betrays his style in every bar. The same tunefulness and familiarity of phrase, that erst warmed our hearts, and set our hands a clapping is here evidenced. If the "Maiden's Wish" be not one of the composer's happiest effusions, it is certainly not one of his least pretty and effective. Wherefore, the "Maiden's Wish" has our best wish.

"THE STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA"—Volume the Ninth—"ERNANI"—The English Text rendered from the Italian by J. Wrey Mould—The Music revised by W. S. Rockstro.—T. Boosey and Co.

*Ernani* constitutes the ninth volume of the numbers of the "Standard Lyric Drama" already published, and we can hardly enter into the feelings which could have induced the talented editors to place Verdi in the vanguard of their collection—if it be, as we understand, their intention to include in their series

the most celebrated and popular operas of the most celebrated and popular composers. We are the more surprised at the editors having chosen the "Young Maestro" of modern Italy, seeing that among all the composers' names, prophetically mentioned on the decorations of the cover, Verdi's is omitted. Nevertheless, the undoubted success of *Ernani* at Her Majesty's Theatre, and elsewhere, more especially since the late triumphant appearances of Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli as Donna Elvira, has, to a certain degree, warranted Messrs. J. Wrey Mould, and W. S. Rockstro, in selecting Verdi's master-piece for their ninth essay.

But, be their choice right or wrong, the editors have done their work admirably, and upon none of the antecedent numbers, perhaps, has more care been expended than in Verdi's *Ernani*, the work before us. Mr. Mould's English version is excellent, and more free from poetical abstractions than any of his former efforts. Mr. W. S. Rockstro, we suspect, did not find the task so congenial in revising the scores of young Verdi, as he did in those of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, and Weber. He, however, has done all that was required, and we find the text invariably correct—as to the composer's intention—throughout. Mr. J. Wrey Mould has, as usual, prefixed an account of the work, and has added some strictures and commendations which we are not called upon to controvert. Certain data, however, of Mr. Mould, must be noticed as requiring correction. The cast of *Ernani* at Her Majesty's Theatre for 1851 is not given correctly in the prefixed "account." Signor Lorenzo, in whose hands, according to Mr. Mould, "the part of Don Carlos suffered strangely," was only substituted for Coletti, at the end of the season on the supplementary nights, and only appeared because no one else could be found to undertake the character. Coletti performed every night in Don Carlos during the regular season, and sang and acted with very great effect. It was entirely owing to his powerful singing that the finale of the third act was invariably encored. It behoves so searching and particularizing an editor as Mr. J. Wrey Mould to be exact in his details.

We are pleased to see that Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is announced for Number 10. This will be acceptable to all lovers of music, and will serve as a compromise for Verdi's *Ernani*.

## Provincial.

CARMARTHEN.—It is with feelings of the greatest satisfaction that we announce the immense success of the concert in aid of the Carmarthenshire Infirmary, which took place at the Town Hall on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th instant. At an early hour, long before the doors were opened, the Hall was besieged with persons anxious to obtain places, as it was impossible, from the number of tickets issued, to reserve seats for all; indeed, we never recollect seeing such an assemblage of rank and fashion as attended on this occasion. We do not wonder at the interest manifested, as it was, we may almost say, the *debut* of our highly talented townsman, Mr. Brinley Richards, before a Carmarthen audience. It would be a work of supererogation to descant now on the proficiency attained by this accomplished pianist, as his fame has undergone the ordeal of a far higher tribunal than ours: suffice it to say, that all we have either heard of or read in the numerous critiques that have appeared in the various musical and other journals was fully realized last night. Mr. Richards' appearance on the platform was hailed with a round of applause that lasted some time. His selection from *Les Huguenots* was a masterpiece of mechanical skill, combined with a highly cultivated knowledge of the science of music, and his reading of this splendid arrangement of the renowned Thalberg was everything that could be desired. The second solo performance by Mr. Richards was a selection from his "Recollections of Wales," comprising the airs "Of noble race was Shenkin," "Ar hyd y Nos," and "Codiad yr Hedydd." These airs are as familiar to us all as household words, but it required the talents of Mr. Richards to give them the form required in this age of musical improvement. The audience were delighted, not only with his performance, but the arrangement of the airs was so perfectly natural, combined with

all the brilliancy which the author is so capable of infusing into them, that an unanimous encore was the consequence, and such was the enthusiasm with which they were received, that it required all the good breeding necessary to suppress the cheers which were evidently about to burst forth. His compositions, "The Vision," a beautiful original air, "Den Tapre Lansoldat," the Danish national melody, arranged by him, and his brilliant Valse de Concert, "Preciosa," were also vociferously encored. We perceive by the Liverpool papers that, at a concert given at the Philharmonic Hall last week, these compositions, performed by Mr. Richards, met with a similar reception, and deservedly so, as Mr. Richards stands in the front rank, both as pianist and composer. It gives us much pleasure to state that, at the particular request of some of our leading nobility and gentry, Mr. Richards will render his gratuitous services again on Friday, night, the 13th, at a concert in further aid of the funds of the Carmarthenshire Infirmary. Having thus paid our tribute of respect and admiration to our distinguished countryman, let us award the meed of praise due to others who successfully contributed to the evening's amusement. Dr. Wastfield, who conducted the concert, and whose singing has, on several occasions, called forth the plaudits of a Carmarthen audience, was in excellent voice. He sang the "Lauch of the Trafalgar," and "The Sea Kings," and was loudly encored in both, and in the duetts and trios with Messrs. Shackell and Davies, he greatly delighted the assembly. The choruses, also under his tuition, were admirably rendered. Mr. Shackell sang "Love's Errand" charmingly. He has improved latterly; his voice, always powerful, is more under control. The overtures were well performed by the Carmarthen Musical Society, and the accompaniments to the choruses were such as showed skilful training. Mr. E. Ribbon, the leader, played a solo of De Beriot's in a style seldom heard in a country orchestra; his tone is good, combined with skilful execution; it was loudly applauded. We were quite justified in the opinion we offered last week, as to the success of this meeting; the audience was such as had never before attended at one time in Carmarthen, and the funds of the infirmary will receive a handsome addition from the proceeds. At the close of the performances, Trevor Alcock, Esq., the President of the Society, announced that, in consequence of pressing solicitations and entreaties, the concert, was, in fact, to be *wholly encored*, a second performance being determined upon for Friday evening. He added that Mr. Brinley Richards—whose performances had so much delighted them that evening—had kindly consented, at serious personal inconvenience, to stay and perform a second time for the benefit of the infirmary. This announcement elicited loud cheers, and formed an appropriate *finale* to a concert unprecedented in every respect in this town, and which afforded more gratification to the audience than almost any other previously given. The grand pianoforte on which Mr. Richards performed, was by Broadwood, and which that eminent firm had kindly sent down for this occasion. It was one of the most powerful and magnificent-toned instruments we ever heard. We learn that after all expenses are paid, the sum of upwards of sixty pounds will be handed over to the funds of the infirmary. It is but right to state that Mr. Richards not only rendered his services gratuitously, but came down from London, expressly for this concert, at his own expense.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

**TAVISTOCK DEVON.**—On Wednesday the 18th inst. a Lecture was delivered by the Rev. T. Gibbons, on the subject of the Maccabees, illustrated by a selection of Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" which was most effectively sung by the Tavistock Church Choir under the direction of Mr. John Frederick Thynne, and never did they sing more correctly or with greater precision than on this occasion, which was evident by the marked applause of the audience. The Chorusses "O Father whose Almighty pow'r"—"We hear"—and "See the conquering hero comes" were admirably sung, also the song "Pious orgies" and the Duetts. The room was most respectably filled. The greatest possible praise is due to our talented Organist (Mr. John Frederick Thynne) for the great treat given us; we hope often to have a similar treat if our worthy Organist will but oblige us.—(From a Correspondent.)

**SHEFFIELD.**—The performance of the *Messiah* came off on Tuesday week, when the Music Hall was completely filled. The orchestra and chorus consisted of between fifty and sixty performers, and the soloists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Hinchliffe, Mr. Yates, Mr. Mason, Mr. Baker, and Master Ramsden; conductor, Mr. Burton; leader, Mr. Seale. Of the band we have little to say. It wanted power in the wind instruments, and the clarinet was often out of tune. As to the "trumpet," it was as wretched as country trumpets usually are. Handel wrote *all his trumpet parts* for himself, to play on the *organ*. The passages are so high, and depend so much upon the lip, that it is almost impossible for country performers to play them. Mr. Seale ably led his troops. Mr. Burton, the conductor, was quite useless. He evidently does not understand conducting, or he never would beat *twice* in a bar, or leave the unfortunate recitatives to take care of themselves, the effect of which was, that nearly all the choruses were played either too soon or too late. In addition to this, the choruses were taken much too fast. "Behold the Lamb of God," marked "Largo;" "Surely he hath borne our griefs," "Largo;" "For Behold darkness," marked "Larghetto;" were all sung in "Allegro." Such galloping of sacred choruses we never heard. Mrs. Sunderland was evidently suffering from her recent accident, and failed, from that cause, to create her usual effect. "Rejoice greatly," though nicely sung, was defective, from the laborious way in which she took breath during the running passages. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was a better performance, but was taken at the commencement sadly too fast by the conductor: it is marked "Larghetto." Mr. Inkersall did himself full justice. His singing was the best throughout the whole oratorio, and could he only cure himself of his false pronunciation, he would be excellent. His rendering of "Comfort ye my people" was extremely good; but we would certainly advise him not to put so many appoggiaturas into Handel. Indeed, the liberties taken by all the solo vocalists on Thursday evening with the text of the great master are highly to be censured. Handel knew better than Mr. Inkersall and Mrs. Sunderland what his music required. Mr. Barker was inefficient. He evidently felt his own want of power and science to create effect. Master Ramsden has a beautiful and clear voice, and sang very nicely. His singing of "But thou didst not leave," received a well-deserved encore. Mr. Yates has a good counter-tenor voice, and sang with much care and judgment, both of which were wanting in Mr. Mason. His "He was despised," was a wretched piece of singing, devoid of feeling, taste, or judgment. Counter-tenor voices, even the best, are an abomination in solos; but when they are mere whistles they are execrable. Mr. Hinchliffe has a good coarse voice, and had he as much musical feeling as he has assumption, he would be most successful. He evidently does not understand how recitatives should be sung, and therefore entirely spoilt "Thus saith the Lord," and "Behold Darkness." In "Why do the Nations," he was more successful, as it requires no feeling, but a manly delivery. The conductor, however, took it much too slow; it is marked *allegro*. We have only one fault to find with the choruses; female voices are *indispensable*. Boys have the same register as women, but not the *quality*, the effect of which was, that when the full chorus was going, the counter-tenors could not be heard. With this exception, they were well sung, the time nicely kept, and the parts well taken up. "And the Glory," "For unto us," "Behold the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah," were the best pieces of choral singing. Altogether, the performance was a creditable one, and we have no doubt will amply repay the speculator for his risk and trouble.—*From our Correspondent*.

**DUBLIN.**—(Feb. 20th).—The Antient Concert of yesterday evening presented a new feature, namely: the first performance of Mendelssohn's setting of Goethe's *First Walpurgis Night* by that society—and we have to congratulate the musical public of Dublin in having it brought forward at the Antient Concerts, as it is a work on which such various opinions have been given, that it is really necessary to hear it well performed by orchestra and chorus to come to any decision on its merits. A mere study of it at the pianoforte gives but a very feeble notion of its powerful dramatic effects and poetical situations; yet, do we think, and that after careful perusal of the work and frequent hearing, that

it exhibits that watchfulness for his fame which was a peculiar characteristic of Mendelssohn. It strikes us that he sent it forth as an experiment of his powers as a dramatic composer; and that, according to its reception, he would be guided in his future operatic efforts. Much is it to be lamented that the romantic school of opera, which Weber originated, was not perfected by Mendelssohn, as he seemed to have been gifted for the task, by the evidence given in his dramatic compositions. In the work before us, the choruses, "Disperse ye gallant men," "Come with torches," and "See the horrid laggards gliding," are eminently dramatic both in voicing and instrumentation; and it is impossible to form an idea of the effect such music might produce with the aid of scenic illusion. It presents beautiful features, charming snatches of melody: instance the soprano chorus, "Now May again," with its noble and dignified phrases of tune; but, we fancy that it is too short to display amply the large intentions of the composer, and that his genius was contracted by the limits of the subject. It was worthily performed last night; and hence, we are inclined to think, that most musical people will agree with us in our judgment. The other portions of the concert consisted of a selection from Handel's, *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, a work which will never cease to give pleasure, particularly when so well given as it was last night. We cannot too much commend the chorusses, as they were rendered with an attention to light and shade, both by band and voices, which must have been highly gratifying to the lovers of this grandest species of musical composition. Moore's ballad, "No, not more welcome the fairy numbers," was exquisitely sung by Mr. F. Robinson. The other principal singers were Mrs. Smith, Miss Balfe, Miss Clarke, and Messrs. Geary and Richard Smith. Mendelssohn's quartett and chorus, "When the West with the evening glows," a composition as precious with poetry and colour as the departing day itself, was so beautifully sung, as to call down an unanimous *encore*; indeed, we scarcely think a mass of voices could go farther in effectiveness. On the whole, the concert was good, and gives further evidence of musical progress in this city. (*Evening Mail*.)

### Miscellaneous.

**MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.**—The last of the present series will occur within eight days of the Fifth Concert, on which occasion we will endeavour to combine all the available talent for a grand performance—beginning half an hour earlier. For this performance only, the single admissions will be raised to half-a-guinea each. It is our intention to consult the Lady Patronesses on the most desirable plan to adopt for future seasons. By making the subscription alike for all parties, and keeping a reserved seat for every subscriber, we hope to secure a goodly list of amateurs. The present experiment of parties known to each other occupying seats together, has resulted in rendering our *Winter Evenings* a social gathering of friends of a congenial taste in art. If any subscribers desire to have reserved places on sofas not yet engaged for the series, by communicating with us they shall be accommodated. (*From Ella's Musical Winter Journal*.)

**THE OPERA AT HILLSBOROUGH CASTLE.**—Private theatricals are nowhere in Ireland produced on a scale of greater splendour or textual integrity than those now so favourably associated with Hillsborough Castle, under the hospitable auspices of the Marquis and Marchioness of Downshire. The stage is a miniature of beauty; the properties, dresses, &c., are as perfect as an established theatre, and so are the essential accompanying aids of music, &c.; there is nothing left unprovided to give due effect to the production of the various pieces presented. On Tuesday evening the arduous task of executing an opera by private performers was accomplished, in a manner which would do honour to metropolitan boards. The performance of an opera, in a private circle, is a thing almost unprecedented, but already, both operatic and dramatic representations, in the highest degree successful, have been given in the theatre of Hillsborough Castle; the parts being sustained strictly by non-professional parties, with the exception of a lady, Mrs. Harper, who to a fine

soprano voice, adds very considerable graces of acting and stage deportment. On Tuesday evening Wallace's opera of *Mariana* was performed with the following cast:—Don Cesar de Bazan, Mr. H. S. McClintonck; The King of Spain, Mr. Norman, 91s, Regiment; Don Jose, Mr. D. Alexander; Marquis Montefiore Mr. D. Hunter; Lazarillo, Mr. W. R. Anketell; Captain of the Guards, Mr. R. H. Dolling; Maritana, Mrs. Harper; Marchioness Montefiore, Mr. S. D. Crommelin. Peasants, Guards, Gipsies, &c., &c., &c. Mesdames Ensor, Montgomery, Croker, Mademoiselles M. Reilly, Owen, Percival, and Messrs. Stannus, Reilly, Crawford, L. Alexander, Filgate, Director of the orchestra Lord G. Fitzgerald. Prompter, the Marquis of Downshire. On Mrs. Harper and Mr. McClintonck, of course, the weight of the piece devolved. Mrs. Harper possesses rare faculties of vocal and dramatic power, and to some passages she imparted effects of the happiest order. Mr. McClintonck sang with the facility of the practised artiste; and in the duett passages with Mrs. Harper, his style was marked by precision and accurate knowledge of the score. The King of Spain was ably personated by Mr. Norman; and in Mr. D. Alexander, Don Jose was faithfully realised. Mr. Anketell, as Lazarillo, was very effective; and the brushing Captain of the Guards met in Mr. Dolling a dashing representative. The Marchioness de Montefiore of Mr. Crommelin was received with significant applause, from the fact of the haughty bilious dame being, "shown to the life" by a person of the opposite sex. Throughout the entire opera, the audience repeatedly manifested their approbation by loud plaudits. The farce, of the "Two Bonnycastles" followed with this cast:—Smuggins, Mr. D. S. Ker; Bonnycastle, alias Jorum, Mr. S. D. Crommelin; Johnson, Mr. H. S. McClintonck; Mrs. Bonnycastle, Miss Perceval; Helen, Marchioness of Downshire; Putty, Mrs. Harper. The farce went off with the greatest freedom and effect. Mr. Ker's Smuggins was an inimitable performance. Mr. Crommelin, as Bonnycastle, filled the part most respectably; and Mr. McClintonck's Johnson was also well sustained. Mrs. Bonnycastle in the hands of Miss Perceval, was realised with fidelity; and the Helen of the Marchioness of Downshire was represented with a vivacity and truthfulness which lent additional interest to the character. Mrs. Harper played Patty to the life. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, as director of the orchestra, displayed his rare musical talents and resources. The cues were given with unerring precision, and, in the accompaniments, the utmost support to the voices, and effect to the music, were yielded, under his guidance. Altogether, the performances were complete, even critically considered. They will be repeated this (Thursday) evening. After the play a sumptuous supper was served in the great hall of the Castle, and the ball-room having been thrown open to over two hundred persons, dancing was kept up with great spirit to an advanced hour.—*Dublin Evening Mail*, Feb. 20.

**CROSBY HALL.**—The fourth of the City Wednesday Musical Concerts was given this week. The programme comprised Beethoven's trio, C minor (op. 1), for piano, violin, and cello, by M. M. Billet, Cooper, and Pacque; "Voi che Sapete," by Miss Ursula Barclay; duet, Spohr, "Dearest, let thy footsteps," by M. de and Signor Ferrari; air from *Tancredi*, by Miss Helene Cundell; solo, violoncello, by M. Pacque; scena and cavatina, Verdi, by Signor Onorati; "Non temer," Mozart, by M. de. the programme included Osborne's *Huguenots* duo, for two grand pianos (made famous by Kate Loder and Bell Goddard, the charming twain), by M. Billet and M. de. Coulon; Mozart's "Mentre ti lascio," by Signor Ferrari; song, Aguilar, "Come let us wander," by Miss Ursula Barclay; flute solo, by Mr. Pratten; a French song, one Haas, "Il revient Capitaine," by Miss Helene Cundell; a fantasia on the violin, by Mr. H. Cooper; another Verdi scena, by Signor Onorati; and a duet, by the Misses Wells. Signor Onorati must be looked to. He made a great effect. Mr. Aguilar accompanied.

**MR. HANDEL GEAR'S SECOND SOIREE** came off on Tuesday. The artists were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss Eyles, Mrs. Alexander Newton, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Stretton, and Mr. Handel Gear, vocalists; Messrs. Aguilar and Charles Salaman (pianists); Herr Lutgen (cello);



and Mr. R. Blagrove (concertina), instruments. The programme was long. We may instance among the most favourably received *morceaux*, a pretty ballad, by Mr. Handel Gear, sung by Miss L. Pyne; Mrs. A. Newton's brilliant "Qui la voce," loudly applauded; Macfarren's "Troubadour" trio, by Mrs. Newton, Miss Eyles, and Mr. Stretton, encored, but not accepted; and two duets, by Mendelssohn, capitally given by Mrs. Newton and Miss Eyles. Mr. C. Salaman conducted.

MR. ADAMS, the celebrated organ player, will perform, for the last time in public, on a new organ, by Messrs. Gray and Davidson, on Thursday evening next, at the manufactory of Messrs. Gray and Davidson, New Road.

THE AMAZON.—The following amounts have already been collected by means of concerts given for the purpose by the resident professors, viz.:—£32 16s. 6d., by Mr. Robert Eyres at Blandford; £26 14s. 1d., by Mr. Conduit at Winchester; and £23 0s. 2d., by Messieurs Beard and W. Klitz at Basingstoke.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. D.—Try Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent Street.

ROCHESTER.—Our correspondent's communication arrived too late. It will appear in our next.

WINCHESTER AND NANTWICH.—Notices of Concerts at the above places next week—as also of other concerts.

Q. In the Corner next week.

#### Advertisements.

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS, EXETER HALL.

#### BRAHAM'S LAST APPEARANCE.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, MARCH 3rd, will be held, the First of a New Series of the London Wednesday Concerts, when the world renowned and unrivalled Tenor, M<sup>r</sup>. BRAHAM, Sen., will appear for positively the last time but six, and sing, 1. (by special desire, and for positively the last time) sacred scena, Sampson's Lament on Loss of Sight, "Total Eclipse," Handel; 2. Song, the Old English Gentleman; 3. Scotch Song, A Man's a Man for a' that (the last time of performance); 4. Naval Song, the celebrated Bay of Biscay, Davy (the last time of performance but one).

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had at the office adjoining Exeter Hall, of Mr. Allerott, 15, New Bond Street, next to Long's Hotel, and of all Music sellers. For programme see *The Times* of Monday.

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CURE of a disordered Liver and Bad digestion. Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, 7, Prescott-street, Liverpool, dated the June 6, 1851. To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir, Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the virulence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she only used three boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think speaks much in favour of your astonishing Pills.

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CATALOGUES GRATIS.

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**CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.**—FRIDAY Next, March 5, Handel's SAMSON, with additional accompaniments by Mr. Costa. Vocalists—Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. We'ss, and Mr. H. Phillips. The orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; Reserved, 5s. f Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall;

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**MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON**

**WILL** sing in London on the 3rd of March, at Miss Binfield's Concert on the 9th, at York on the 10th, at Gravesend on the 17th, at Southampton on the 29th, and will resume her Lessons on the intermediate dates at her residence, 5, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

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